The Magie by Which One Young Woman Became a Show Girl.

(THIS STORY WILL END SATURDAY.)

# THE SUBSTITUTE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Daniel," "Westerfelt," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

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Hiram Hillyer in his hot youth killed Lynn Hambright and escaped the penalty of the law. Haunted by remorse to his dead he resolves to save a man as a substitute for Hambright. George Buckley is the son of a thieving mountain farmer, who has been sent to the penitentiary. Hillyer takes George from his bad environment, educates him and takes him into his grain warehouse. George's great danger is drink in moments of despondency. George yields once and Hillyer tells him his story. George promises to justify the old man's hope for him. Hillyer undertakes a gigantic speculation in wheat, resolving to risk his all in it and be ruided in every move by George Buckley's advice

CHAPTER III.

The Wheat Deal.

ILLYER was alone in the office of the warehouse one Kenner came in from the post-office, the morning's mail in his hands.

"Wheat's gone a-whizzin'." he said. "It's one-ten in the shade—away above high-water mark. Take a fool's advice, Mr. Hillyer, an' git out while you kin. I've got George's in-the first month down here, an' the fun she made of the resolvent of the take the was sick and tired of that stilly social set up there." said the Major, "and this simple, healthy life here." who has been sent to the penitentiary. "Well, I don't like the way Lydia is doing at all," replied the lady.

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Hillyer smiled broadly and rubbed his hands together with an air of intense satisfaction. "You were jest as badly rattled when it hadn't reached a dollar," he said. "Now, you let George alone; of I'm willin' to resk his judgment, with scads behind the investment, wny can't you?" Kenner shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. George was coming in at the door. "Hello, young Gould!" the cot-

ton bayer cried out, jovially. "Are you weak at the knees?" ou mean wheat," said Buckley, indifferently, as he went to his desk. "That's Mr. Hillyer's affair." Just then a messenger boy came in with a telegram. Hillened it with shaky fingers, but when he had read it he laid it on his desk quite calmly, a gleam of triumph in his eye.

"Jacobs offers a dollar twelve and a half," he said, impressively, as he looked at the cotton buyer.

Henner stared and the aspat against the wall behind the

"Somebody's crazy," he grunted. "Wheat can't stand at Hillyer was gazing at George with a hearty smile on his

"Remember, I only want yore judgment. Et we hit the ceilin' feet 10 most I'll never throw it up to you."

George was silent for a moment; the others hung on his re-ly. "You are putting me in a rather ticklish place, Mr. Hillyer," he said. "I'd really rather not have the responsibility

yer," he said. "I'd really eather would as big a thing as this is entirely on me." well," said Hillyer, "you won't mind tellin' me what you would do ef it was all yore affair." "I't were mine," answered George, "I'd hold awhile "If it were mine," answered George, "I'd hold awhile lenger."

"That settles it," cried Hillyer, and he turned to write an "That settles it," cried Hillyer, and he turned to write an "You that's true," admitted Mrs. Cranston, "and, really, "No, that's true," admitted Mrs. Cranston, "and, really, "No, that's true," admitted Mrs. Cranston, "and, really, "You tray to there has never been an intimate understand."

nload that dar," he said, in an unsteady voice.

e's a man, I tell you—a man!"

Hanke's cigar had gone out, and he leaned forward and

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ressed its end against the stove again. "It won't hurt

corge as much to take a little exercise with the trucks as

will Bob to be bolstered up in his ways by what George

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it will Bod to be been so be listed with the boy almost a doin. The Lord knows you'll all ruin the boy almost a doin. The Lord knows you'll all ruin the boy almost a doin and a half; he can't make me feel choap by hat sort o' trick."

Kenner did not seem to be listed with his eyes on Hill-kerner did not seem to be listed with his eyes on Hill-kerner did not seem to be listed with his eyes on the permed the out that an grabbed them trucks an' sat to work permed the out that an increase or other an' slunk off down the like made some excuse or other an' slunk off down the allroad, an' Bob—Bob jest looked like he could die fer 'im.'

Hillyer was alone in his office when Bob Hanks and George came in, flushed and hot, their task finished.

"Bob." began the merchant, "I believe I'm yore friend, an' that I have yore intrust at heart."

"Well. I've always thought you treated me decently, Mr. Hillyer. I was just telling George out there in the car that I could work like a steam engine for a man like you. Mr. Hillyer, I may look like a pretty tough specimen, but I'll give you my word that I am sick and tired of living like I am. That's God's truth."

"What sort o' work de you think you would like. Bob?"
Hillyer equid not suppress the round note of sympathy that dominated his voice.

"It may seem very silly to you." Bob declared, slowly, "but I am just as sure that I could run a business for my-self as I am that I'm sitting here talking to you. To make a cleam breast of it—for I know you will understand my fix—I was on a trade with A. C. Sandford, up the street, for his grocery store. Sandford's wife has got Indian bloof in her, an' she's entitled to land in the Territory. He wants to move out there and quit here. I've looked into his books an' his trade, an' he's got a good thins—a thing that could be built up till it would pay big. He's got old-forgy ways an' hasn't kept up to date, and I believe money can be made in this town accerding to late methods. Well, when I heard he was thinking of selling out I had a talk with

Bob Hanks's eyas were wide open in astonishment; he caugh his breath and gazed alternately at George and the merchant.

"Oh, Mr. Hillyer, are you in carnest?" he asked, finally. "So much in earnest that I'm goin' to close this thing inside o' the next ten minutes, 'fore somebody else comes along an' buys Bandford out. George, make out the note, an' when Bob's put his name to it stick it in the safe. I'm goin' uptown an' tell Bandford it's a deal."

"Mr. Hillyer!" Bob called out, as the merchant was leaving the office, but the old man did not look around.

"Let him alone!" said George Buckley to his friend. "If you had lived with him as long as I have you'd know that you are giving him the keenest pleasure he ever had. He believes in you, and so do I. Bob."

Bob Hanks turned around once or twice in an aimiess way, and then said, under his breath: "Well, I'll be blamed!"

Majer Cransston lived in an old-fashioned, roomy house at the end of the widest and longest street Darkey afforded. The exterior of the house was not very attractive, though it stood on a spacious, well-kept lawn, but it was equipped throughout with fine old furniture the Cranstons had brought from Virginia. There were sare pleces of solid mahogany in the big parlor, a plano which was a relic of the days of Washington, and sofas and chairs quite as ancient in appearance. On the white, plastered walls hung family portraits in massive gill frames.

It was on Sunday hight about the middle of November, yelle had refred to her room and the Major was reading the Constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution is the lamp light before a cheese of the constitution

the sitting-room, when Mrs. Cranston came in from the parlor.

"Well, you may be satisfied, Major Cranston," she said "but I'm not."

"Oh, you are not; what's wrong new?" He put his paper down and looked up at her inquiringly.

"Well, I don't like the way Lydia is doing at all," replied the lady.

"What's she done new?"

in the mountains agrees with her as it has with me and you. I never knew what a good appetite or a pleasant night's sleep was till I'—

"Oh, do dry up!" Mrs. Cranston sat down by him. "You are as blind as a bat. Don't you know Lydia never was that way till George Buckley got to coming here and bringing her books and papers and going out with her?"

"Stop!" Cranston's brow was clouded over. "Don't insult your own child." He stood 'up, his short legs quivering with excitement. "Do you think I'd let that man come here he, a son of a convicted thief—If I dreamed—why. I'd shoot the top of his head off if he dared—oh!"

"There is no use waking up the servants out in the yard," said Mrs. Cranston, in a tone modulated to that she wanted him to use. "We don't want any bloodshed; what we want is common sense. I don't think there is much danger so far. Giris will often allow themselves to enjoy the admiration of men they would not dream of marrying, and Lydia has too much family of the totalk of encouraging him to any serious extent, but it is well to take time by the forelock. I was against letting him come here at all, you know, but you said it would shock the religious folks in the piace for us to try to establish social lines, when he stood so well, and"—

"I'll send her off to-morrow!" cried the Major, still excited his voice rising high and cracking.

"No, you won't, unless you really want to drive her the wrong way," said Mrs. Cranston. "I've seen many unhappy, mismated marriages made through that stupid course, and I've always said I'd act differently if t came to me. Lydia would get as headstrong as a buil if we showed her that we have a girl think more of a man who is unfortunate. No, we must simply go on as if we never imagined she could be mean us by marrying a man of that kind. She's not a fool; she may admire George Buckley, and be sorry for him in his treuble, but she'll think several times before she marries him—if we simply go on as if we are trusting her to protect our family name."

The Major took up hi

wild do of it was all yore affair.

"If it were mine," answered George, "I'd hold awnile longer.

"Phat settles it," cried Hillyer, and he turned to write an answer to the telegram. It alks came in with his son Bob, a A few minutes. I'm anhas came in with his son Bob, a A few minutes. I'm an past twenty years of ago. The young well-dressed in the outer, room, an expression of deep cmust, assigned on his face.

"What that car o' meat fer me been side-tracked?" Hanks saked Hillyer, a roughly.

"Yes, it's a cube same pass tranks to his son, "are you gatting a print out it unloaded?"

"Yes, it's a cube son to out a ympathetic astonishment.

The whole room started soakt that an's go to work, "it to his son! to be son it to his son!" to be son it to his son! to be son it to his son! to be son it to his son! to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be so the son it was to be son it will be sead to be son it was to be son it will be sead to so so yet were the son it was to be son it will be sead to so so yet were the son in soil.

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of the telegraph omice. George followed him to the door and detained him in the two crosswise, throw away the top and unabline on he sidewalk. "Is there anything wrong, Mr. Hill-sightly hollow out the other part with stare.
"I know you think I'm crazy." he said, "but I can't be calm when so much is at stake. It seems to me, George, that of this thing falls through without gain I'm lost forever. No. don't stop me. I'il tell you everything affer a while. Fut them fallers off the track; tell 'em anything; it ain't none

Half an hour passed, then a telegram came. The old man look tt with quivering fingers and opened It. It fell fluttering to his feet. The gray head went down. George signed for the telegram and sent the boy away.

"What is it?" he asked his employer, a cold fear over him. Hillver looked up. "Jacobs & Co. want thirty days." he groaned. "George, I felt it comin'; it's God's sign to me. I'm a damned soul. Lyan Hambright is at the throne directing my overthrow. This thing settles me. I met his old mother up the street yesterday. Bie looked me right in the face, and I knew comething was going to happen."

Mabel Carrier - No One Can Give Her Points To Day.

## MISS CARRIER'S STORY Told by HARRIET HUBBARDAYER

The Remarkable Transformation Which Made Mabel Carrier a Broadway Beauty.

good ones, let her consult a specialist fodern surgery performs facial miracles. For instance, I/saw that my eye brows were just a strifle too close toether. They needed shortening toward the nose and lengthening toward the temple. A cosmetic surgeon corrected this defect by permanently removing a few-just a very few-hairs near the

temple was a matter of careful, persistent brushing with an eyebrow brush and coaxing the newthairs by the use of an eyebrow grower.

"My hair was not of uniform color, but darker in spots, and always flying about my face. I found that irregularity of color was due to improper washing or shampooing, partly to a poor se-lection of soap and partly to improper rinsing and drying. I had the shampooing done by a specialist until I learned the method, and now I take care of it

of the yolkstof two eggs and the juice of two lemons. This is washed out with a suds made of pure white soap, and finally rinsed innumerable times with clear water, sprayed through a rubber tube. The attachment can be bought for 25 cents, and every woman should have one. This shampooing I do once a week "My complexion was one of my good points, but my skin was very delicate and I knew the danger of make-up,

which is necessary on the stage. Its evil effects I fight with a hygienic soap, face brush, plenty of pure water and little carbolic acid. I use twenty drops of a weak carbolic solution to a large basin of water every night before retiring. I find this removes every trace of the make-up, and women in private lust which clogs the skin.

"But I learned that it was not suf-More frequent bathing was needed to keep one fresh and girlish looking. I gradually increased my baths, until now I take three baths a day, a cold bath on rising, a hot bath in the afternoon bath before retiring. A hot bath is stimulating and should never be taken ust before going to bed. It is a great bracer before going on for a perform-

"A manicure literally altered the shape of my fingers by hand and finger

tried to wear shoes that were too tight for me and with ridiculously high heels. The result was a distressing array of corns and an incipient bunion. This naturally affected my walk. All these disfigurements were removed by a chiropodist, and at the same time this foot specialist instructed me in the mater of selecting shoes. I learned that a ong, narrow shoe gives a prettier foot han a short shoe that cramps the foot, and a short vamp is better than a whole fitted as carefully as gloves.

"I next learned to stand with my houlders back without thrusting the abdomen forward. I practised my vocal exercises with throat and chest bared. to make sure that I was bringing every muscle into play. Gradually I could see



Mabel Carrier When She Falt She Did Not Look Stylish.

muscle into play. Gradually I could see
my throat growing more plump, and to
exercise I added massage for the throat,
her up several rungs in the ladder. A show girl to the end of the short chapthe make sure that I was bringing every
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